

*The History of*

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I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left alieue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

*Prince* What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Ynder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

*Prince.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be alieue, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prince* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prince* What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be alieue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; *Lord Iohn* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

*P. Iohn* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*Ki.* I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

*Prince* Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

*Henry the Fourth.*

The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staine Nobilitie lies troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*John* We breathe too long, come coolsen *Westm*. Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me *Lancaster*. I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit; Before I lou'd thee as a brother *John*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King* I saw him hold *Lord Percy* at the poynt, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

*Dowg.* Another King, they grow like Hydras: I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeist the person of a King?

*Ki.* The King himselfe, who *Dowglas* grieues So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I haue two Boyes. Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily, I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Dowg.* I feare thou art another Counterfeit; And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be; And thus I winne thee,

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prin*

*Prince.* Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes. It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Dowglas flieth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace? *Sir Nicholas Ganssey* hath for succour sent, And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* strait.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

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